Alumni in Concert

Gillian Brinston-Kurschat, soprano
Alden Lowrey, trombone
Ariane Maisonneuve, piano
Nancy Stepney, trumpet
Sarah Wolkowski, saxophone

Master of Ceremonies: Dr Fordyce Pier

Sunday, October 1, 2006 at 3:00 pm

Convocation Hall

Arts Building
University of Alberta

Program

DEPARTMENT OF
MUSIC

Master of Ceremonies — Dr Fordyce Pier, Professor Emeritus
Former Chair of Music Department

Program

Concertino in E-Flat — Ernst Sachse (1810-1849)

Nancy Stepney, trumpet
Ariane Maisonneuve, piano

Frauenliebenundleben (1840) — Robert Schumann (1810-1856)
Poem by Adelbert v Chamisso
Seit ich ihn gesehen
Er, der Herrlichste von allen
Ich kann's nicht fassen, nicht glauben
Du Ring an meinem Finger
Helft mir, ihr Schwestern
Süßer Freund, du blickest
An meinem Herzen, an meiner Brust
Nun hast du mir den ersten Schmerz getan

Gillian Brinston-Kurschat, soprano
Jeremy Spurgeon, piano

Intermission

Andante and Allegro (1935) — Joseph Édouard Barat (1882-1963)

Alden Lowrey, trombone
Ariane Maisonneuve, piano

Poème du jour — Gabriel Fauré (1845-1924)
Poem by Charles Grandmougin
1. Rencontre
2. Toujours
3. Adieu

Gillian Brinston-Kurschat, soprano
Jeremy Spurgeon, piano

Sonate en Ut (1943) — Fernande Decruck (1896-1954)

Sarah Wolkowski, saxophone
Tom King, piano

Divertimento for Trumpet, Trombone and Piano (1946) — Boris Blacher (1903-1975)

Nancy Stepney, trumpet
Alden Lowrey, trombone
Ariane Maisonneuve, piano

Frauenliebeundleben

Seit ich ihn gesehen

Seit ich ihn gesehen,
Glaub ich blind zu sein;
Wo ich hin nur blicke,
Seh ich ihn allein;
Wie im wachen Traume
Schwebt sein Bild mir vor,
Taucht aus tiefstem Dunkel,
Heller nur empor.

Sonst ist licht- und farblos
Alles um mich her,
Nach der Schwestern Spiele
Nicht begehr ich mehr,
Möchte lieber weinen,
Still im Kämmerlein;
Seit ich ihn gesehen,
Glaub ich blind zu sein.

Er, der Herrlichste von allen

Er, der Herrlichste von allen,
Wie so milde, wie so gut!
Holde Lippen, klares Auge,
Heller Sinn und fester Mut.

So wie dort in blauer Tiefe,
Hell und herrlich, jener Stern,
Also er an meinem Himmel,
Hell und herrlich, [hehr][1] und fern.

Wandle, wandle deine Bahnen,
Nur betrachten deinen Schein,
Nur in Demut ihn betrachten,
Selig nur und traurig sein!

Höre nicht mein stilles Beten,
Deinem Glücke nur geweiht;
Darfst mich niedre Magd nicht
kennen,
Hoher Stern der Herrlichkeit!

Nur die Würdigste von allen
[Darf][2] beglücken deine Wahl,
Und ich will die Hohe segnen,
[Segnen][3] viele tausendmal.

Will mich freuen dann und weinen,
Selig, selig bin ich dann;
Sollte mir das Herz auch brechen,
Brich, o Herz, was liegt daran?

[1] Chamisso: "hoch"
[2] Chamisso: "Soll"
[3] Chamisso: "Segnen, segnen"

Since I saw him

Since I saw him
I believe myself to be blind,
where I but cast my gaze,
I see him alone.
as in waking dreams
his image floats before me,
dipped from deepest darkness,
brighter in ascent.

All else dark and colorless
everywhere around me,
for the games of my sisters
I no longer yearn,
I would rather weep,
silently in my little chamber,
since I saw him,
I believe myself to be blind.

He, the most glorious of all

He, the most glorious of all,
O how mild, so good!
lovely lips, clear eyes,
bright mind and steadfast courage.

Just as yonder in the blue depths,
bright and glorious, that star,
so he is in my heavens,
bright and glorious, lofty and distant.

Meander, meander thy paths,
but to observe thy gleam,
but to observe in meekness,
but to be blissful and sad!

Hear not my silent prayer,
consecrated only to thy happiness,
thou mays't not know me, lowly
maid,
lofty star of glory!

Only the worthiest of all
may make happy thy choice,
and I will bless her, the lofty one,
many thousand times.

I will rejoice then and weep,
blissful, blissful I'll be then;
if my heart should also break,
break, O heart, what of it?

Ich kann's nicht fassen, nicht glauben

Ich kann's nicht fassen, nicht glauben,
Es hat ein Traum mich berückt;
Wie hätt er doch unter allen
Mich Arme erhöht und beglückt?

Mir war's, er habe gesprochen:
"Ich bin auf ewig dein,"
Mir war's - ich träume noch immer,
Es kann ja nimmer so sein.

O laß im Traume mich sterben,
Gewieget an seiner Brust,
Den [seligsten][1] Tod mich schlürfen
In Tränen unendlicher Lust.

[1] Chamisso: "seligen"

I can't grasp it, nor believe it,

I can't grasp it, nor believe it,
a dream has bewitched me,
how should he, among all the others,
lift up and make happy poor me?

It seemed to me, as if he spoke,
"I am thine eternally",
It seemed - I dream on and on,
It could never be so.

O let me die in this dream,
cradled on his breast,
let the most blessed death drink me up
in tears of infinite bliss.

Du Ring an meinem Finger

Du Ring an meinem Finger,
Mein goldenes Ringelein,
Ich drücke dich fromm an die Lippen,
Dich fromm an das Herze mein.

Ich hatt ihn ausgeträumet,
Der Kindheit friedlich schönen Traum,
Ich fand allein mich, verloren
Im öden, unendlichen Raum.

Du Ring an meinem Finger
Da hast du mich erst belehrt,
Hast meinem Blick erschlossen
Des Lebens unendlichen, tiefen Wert.

Ich [will][1] ihm dienen, ihm leben,
Ihm angehören ganz,
Hin selber mich geben und finden
Verklärt mich in seinem Glanz.

Du Ring an meinem Finger,
Mein goldenes Ringelein,
Ich drücke dich fromm an die Lippen
Dich fromm an das Herze mein.

[1] Chamisso: "werd'"

Thou ring on my finger

Thou ring on my finger,
my little golden ring,
I press thee piously upon my lips
piously upon my heart.

I had dreamt it,
the tranquil, lovely dream of childhood,
I found myself along and lost
in barren, infinite space.

Thou ring on my finger,
thou hast taught me for the first time,
hast opened my gaze unto
the endless, deep value of life.

I want to serve him, live for him,
belong to him entire,
Give myself and find myself
transfigured in his radiance.

Thou ring on my finger,
my little golden ring,
I press thee piously upon lips,
piously upon my heart.

Helft mir, ihr Schwestern

Helft mir, ihr Schwestern,
Freundlich mich schmücken,
Dient der Glücklichen heute mir,
Windet geschäftig
Mir um die Stirne
Noch der blühenden Myrte Zier.

Als ich befriedigt,
Freudigen Herzens,
[Sonst][1] dem Geliebten im Arme lag,
Immer noch rief er,
Sehnsucht im Herzen,
Ungeduldig den heutigen Tag.

Helft mir, ihr Schwestern,
Helft mir verscheuchen
Eine törichte Bangigkeit,
Daß ich mit klarem
Aug ihn empfange,
Ihn, die Quelle der Freudigkeit.

Bist, mein Geliebter,
Du mir erschienen,
Giebst du [mir, Sonne,][2] deinen
Schein?
Laß mich in Andacht,
Laß mich in Demut,
[Laß][1] mich verneigen dem Herren
mein.

Streuet ihm, Schwestern,
Streuet ihm Blumen,
[Bringet][3] ihm knospende Rosen dar,
Aber euch, Schwestern,
Grüß ich mit Wehmut
Freudig scheidend aus eurer Schar.

[1] added by Schumann.
[2] Chamisso: "Sonne, mir"
[3] Chamisso: "bringt"

Help me, ye sisters

Help me, ye sisters,
friendly, adorn me,
serve me, today's fortunate one,
busily wind
about my brow
the adornment of blooming myrtle.

Otherwise, gratified,
of joyful heart,
I would have lain in the arms of the
beloved,
so he called ever out,
yearning in his heart,
impatient for the present day.

Help me, ye sisters,
help me to banish
a foolish anxiety,
so that I may with clear
eyes receive him,
him, the source of joyfulness.

Dost, my beloved,
thou appear to me,
givest thou, sun, thy shine to me?
Let me with devotion,
let me in meekness,
let me curtsy before my lord.

Strew him, sisters,
strew him with flowers,
bring him budding roses,
but ye, sisters,
I greet with melancholy,
joyfully departing from your midst

Süßer Freund, du blickest

Süßer Freund, du blickest
Mich verwundert an,
Kannst es nicht begreifen,
Wie ich weinen kann;
Laß der feuchten Perlen
Ungewohnte Zier
[Freudig hell erzittern
In dem Auge mir.][1]

Wie so bang mein Busen,
Wie so wonnevoll!
Wüßt ich nur mit Worten,
Wie ich's sagen soll;
Komm und birg dein Antlitz
Hier an meiner Brust,
Will in's Ohr dir flüstern
Alle meine Lust.

[Hab' ob manchen Zeichen
Mutter schon gefragt,
Hat die gute Mutter
Alles mir gesagt,
Hat mich unterwiesen
Wie, nach allem Schein,
Bald für eine Wiege
Muß gesorget sein.][2]

Weißt du nun die Tränen,
Die ich weinen kann?
Sollst du nicht sie sehen,
Du geliebter Mann?
Bleib an meinem Herzen,
Fühle dessen Schlag,
Daß ich fest und fester
Nur dich drücken mag.

Hier an meinem Bette
Hat die Wiege Raum,
Wo sie still verberge
Meinen holden Traum;
Kommen wird der Morgen,
Wo der Traum erwacht,
Und daraus dein Bildnis
Mir entgegen lacht.

[1] Chamisso: "Freudenhell erzittern / in den Wimpern mir"
[2] omitted by Schumann.

Sweet friend, thou gazest

Sweet friend, thou gazest
upon me in wonderment,
thou cannst not grasp it,
why I can weep;
Let the moist pearls'
unaccustomed adornment
tremble, joyful-bright,
in my eyes.

How anxious my bosom,
how rapturous!
If I only knew, with words,
how I should say it;
come and bury thy visage
here in my breast,
I want to whisper in thy ear
all my happiness.

About the signs
I have already asked Mother;
my good mother has
told me everything.
She has assured me that
by all appearances,
soon a cradle will be needed.

Knowest thou the tears,
that I can weep?
Shouldst thou not see them,
thou beloved man?
Stay by my heart,
feel its beat,
that I may, fast and faster,
hold thee.

Here, at my bed,
the cradle shall have room,
where it silently conceals
my lovely dream;
the morning will come
where the dream awakes,
and from there thy image
shall smile at me.

An meinem Herzen,
an meiner Brust

An meinem Herzen, an meiner Brust,
Du meine Wonne, du meine Lust!
Das Glück ist die Liebe, die Lieb ist
das Glück,
Ich [hab's][1] gesagt und nehm's nicht
zurück.

Hab [überglücklich][2] mich geschätzt
Bin überglücklich aber jetzt.
[Nur die da säugt, nur die da liebt
Das Kind, dem sie die Nahrung giebt;
Nur eine Mutter weiß allein
Was lieben heißt und glücklich sein.

O, wie bedaur' ich doch den Mann,
Der Mutterglück nicht fühlen kann!][3]
[Du lieber, lieber Engel, du
Du schauest mich an und lächelst
dazu!][4]

[1] Chamisso: "hab' es"
[2] Schumann: "überschwenglich"
[3] omitted by Louis Ferdinand.
[4] Chamisso, Louis Ferdinand: order of lines reversed

At my heart,
at my breast

At my heart, at my breast,
thou my rapture, my happiness!
The joy is the love, the love is the
joy,
I have said it, and won't take it back.

I've thought myself rapturous,
but now I'm happy beyond that.
Only she that suckles, only she that
loves
the child, to whom she gives
nourishment;
Only a mother knows alone
what it is to love and be happy.

O how I pity then the man
who cannot feel a mother's joy!
Thou dear, dear angel thou,
thou lookst at me and smiles!

Nun hast du mir den ersten
Schmerz getan

Nun hast du mir den ersten Schmerz
getan,
Der aber traf.
Du schläfst, du harter,
unbarmherz'ger Mann,
Den Todesschlaf.

Es blicket die Verlaßne vor sich hin,
Die Welt is leer.
Geliebet hab ich und gelebt, ich bin
Nicht lebend mehr.
Ich zieh mich in mein Innres still
zurück,
Der Schleier fällt,
Da hab ich dich und mein verlornes
Glück,
Du meine Welt!

Now thou hast given me,
for the first time, pain

Now thou hast given me, for the first
time, pain,
how it struck me.
Thou sleepst, thou hard, merciless
man,
the sleep of death.

The abandoned one gazes straight
ahead,
the world is void.
I have loved and lived, I am
no longer living.

I withdraw silently into myself,
the veil falls,
there I have thee and my lost
happiness,
O thou my world!

Poème D'un jour

Rencontre

J'étais triste et pensif quand je t'ai rencontrée,
Je sens moins aujourd'hui mon obstiné tourment;
Ô dis-moi, serais-tu la femme inespérée,
Et le rêve idéal poursuivi vainement?

Ô, passante aux doux yeux, serais-tu donc l'amie
Qui rendrait le bonheur au poète isolé,
Et vas-tu rayonner sur mon âme affermie,
Comme le ciel natal sur un coeur d'exilé?

Ta tristesse sauvage, à la mienne pareille,
Aime à voir le soleil décliner sur la mer!
Devant l'immensité ton extase s'éveille,
Et le charme des soirs à ta belle âme est cher;

Une mystérieuse et douce sympathie
Déjà m'enchaîne à toi comme un vivant lien,
Et mon âme frémit, par l'amour envahie,
Et mon coeur te chérit sans te connaître bien!

Encounter

I was sad and pensive when I met you,
I sense less to-day my persistent torment;
Tell me, were you the girl I met by chance
the ideal dream I have vainly sought?

A passer-by with gentle eyes, were you the friend
who brought happiness to a lonely poet,
And did you shine upon my vacant heart
like the native sky on an exiled spirit?

Your shy sadness, so like my own,
loves to watch the sun set over the sea!
Your delight is awakened before its immensity,
and the evenings spent with your lovely soul are dear to me.

A mysterious and gentle sympathy
already binds me to you like a living bond;
My soul trembles with overpowering love,
And my heart cherishes you, knowing you hardly at all...

Toujours

Vous me demandez de ma taire,
De fuir loin de vous pour jamais,
Et de m'en aller, solitaire,
Sans me rappeler qui j'aimais!

Demandez plutôt aux étoiles
De tomber dans l'immensité,
À la nuit de perdre ses voiles,
Au jour de perdre sa clarté,

Demandez à la mer immense
De dessécher ses vastes flots,
Et, quand les vents sont en démence,
D'apaiser ses sombres sanglots!

Mais n'espérez pas que mon âme
S'arrache à ses âpres douleurs
Et se dépouille de sa flame
Comme le printemps de ses fleurs!

Adieu

Comme tout meurt vite, la rose
Déclose,
Et les frais manteaux diaprés
Des prés;
Les longs soupirs, les bienaimées,
Fumées!

On voit dans ce monde léger
Changer,
Plus vite que les flots des grèves,
Nos rêves,
Plus vite que le givre en fleurs,
Nos coeurs!

À vous l'on se croyait fidèle,
Cruelle,
Mais hélas! les plus longs amours
Sont courts!
Et je dis en quittant vos charmes,
Sans larmes,
Presqu'au moment de mon aveu,
Adieu!

Always

You ask me to be quiet,
to flee from you forever to a distant place,
and to depart alone
without thinking of the one whom I love!

You might more easily ask the stars
to fall from the sky,
or the night to lift its veils,
or the day to rid itself of its brightness!

Ask the immense ocean
to dry up its vast waters,
and, when the winds are raging dementedly,
ask them to calm their dismal sobbing!

But do not hope that my soul
can uproot its sorrow
and douse its flame
as the spring-time can shed its flowers!

Farewell

Like everything that dies quickly,
the blown rose,
and the mottled cloaks of
the passers-by
Long sighs,girl friends,
smoke.

One sees in this frivolouis world,
Change.
Quicker than the waves on the beach,
Our dreams,
Quicker than frost on the flowers,
Our hearts.

One believes oneself faithful to you,
Cruel,
But alas! the longest of love affairs,
Are short!
And I say on quitting your charms,
Wituhout tears,
Close to the moment of my avowal,
Adieu!

Gillian Brinston-Kurschat obtained her Bachelor of Music Degree (Vocal Performance) from the University of Alberta in 2005, under the tutelage of Harold Wiens and Jolaine Kerley. While at the University, Gillian had the opportunity to study with other fine musicians such as Dr Leonard Ratzlaff, Dr Debra Cairns, and Professor Janet Scott-Hoyt. Choral music has been a predominant area of study for Gillian and she has been found singing with many choirs in Edmonton, including Ensemble de la Rue, Pro Coro Canada, i Coristi Chamber Choir, and Ariose Women's choir.

Gillian has been heard in JS Bach's *Weihnachts Oratorium*, Vivaldi's *Gloria*, and many other smaller canatas by Bach and Haydn. Early music has been a strong focus for her but she does enjoy performing and studying other genres of music including composers such as Granados, Schumann, Schubert, and Barber.

Gillian is in demand as a vocal coach and clinician and has most recently had the honour of being the vocal coach for MusiCamp Alberta's junior choir. Gillian resides in Spruce Grove with her musical husband, Michael Kurschat.

Born and raised in Edmonton, **Alden Lowrey** began his musical training at Alberta College with Ken Read. After biking to Mexico (with a trombone strapped to his bike for part of the way) he decided to attend the U of A and studied there with John McPherson. Since graduating in 2003 with a BMus in Performance, he has continued his studies in Banff, France and Toronto. His career highlites so far include a six week run of *West Side Story* at the Citadel Theatre in Edmonton and Orchestra London's (Ontario) production of *Rigoletto*.

Born and raised in the Smoky River Region, Alberta, **Ariane Maisonneuve** began piano lessons at the age of eight. She received her Bachelor of Music Degree in piano performance at the University of Alberta in 2003, studying with Ayako Tsuruta and Janet Scott Hoyt. In the summers of 2001 and 2002, she attended the Summer Festival at the Orford Art Centre in Quebec, studying with piano professors Jean-Paul Sevilla, Jean Saulnier, and Richard Raymond. After completing her undergraduate degree, Ariane studied at the Université de Montréal with Paul Stewart and completed her Master of Music degree in piano performance in 2005. Since then, she has been traveling and working in the UK and Europe and has just recently settled back in Alberta. She now lives in Banff and is working at the Banff Centre for the Arts Music Library.

British-born **Jeremy Spurgeon** won scholarships to study both piano accompaniment and organ at the Royal Northern College of Music, Manchester, and later studied organ at the Geneva Conservatoire where he gained the Premier Prix de la Classe Virtuosite. In 1980 he came to Edmonton as director of music at All Saints' Cathedral and has since appeared in concert with many Canadian and international ensembles, singers, and instrumentalists. His teachers have been Eileen Sullivan, Eric Pask, Lorna Sergeant, Ronald Frost, Eric Chadwick, Una Bradbury, Dame Gillian Weir and Lionel Rogg.

Jeremy Spurgeon has performed as piano accompanist and organist in Canada, Britain, Italy, Switzerland, and Poland.

Nancy Stepney is an Edmonton born and raised free-lance trumpet player. Although her university studies began with two years at Wilfrid Laurier University in Waterloo, Ontario, Nancy returned home to the University of Alberta to complete her degree and receive her Bachelor of Music in Performance (2003). During these years, she received the Long and MacQuade Trumpet Scholarship, and she won the U of A Wind Ensemble Concerto competition. Her music education includes studying with Guy Few, Alvin Lowrey, and Wendy Grasdahl. Nancy has also had the opportunity to learn from other teachers such as Vincent Cichowicz, Jens Lindemann, Alain Trudel, Larry Knopp and Dominic Spera.

Currently, Ms Stepney keeps busy teaching trumpet both privately at her studio and at band clinics. She is also a casual player for the Edmonton Symphony Orchestra and a member of a couple of chamber brass groups in town. Until recently, she played Principal Trumpet for the Concordia Symphony Orchestra, and Soprano Cornet in the Mill Creek Colliery Band where she had been a featured soloist. Through university and the surrounding years, Nancy has become a seasoned soloist and chamber musician with extensive experience in brass bands, wind ensembles and orchestras

Sarah Anne Wolkowski has been playing the saxophone since she was in the seventh grade. At about the same time she joined the internationally-renowned Burlington Teen Tour Band, marching and playing her way around Canada and the world.

After completing a Bachelor of Music degree in Saxophone Performance (High Distinction) at McGill University in Montréal, she came to Edmonton and completed the Master of Music degree at the University of Alberta. Her teachers have included Mr Willem Moolenbeek, Professor Gerald Danovitch, Mr Peter Freeman and Dr William Street.

An instructor at the MacEwan Alberta College Campus Conservatory of Music and the University of Alberta, she also plays tenor saxophone in the Edmonton Saxophone Quartet. Sarah enjoys teaching and making music with students of all levels, aptitudes and interests.

Dr Fordyce Pier is Professor Emeritus at the Department of Music at the University of Alberta, where he taught Trumpet and Wind Band Conducting. He was Chair of the Department of Music from 1995 until his retirement in 2004.

Prior to coming to Alberta, Dr Pier worked for a decade in the Boston area as a free-lance trumpeter, contractor and teacher. He held teaching positions at Yale, Brown and Boston Universities, and performed with the New Haven Symphony, the Boston Philharmonia, the Boston Pops, the Boston Symphony Orchestra, the Boston Opera, the Boston Ballet and the Edmonton Symphony Orchestra. Since arriving in Alberta he has continued his professional activity, appearing frequently as soloist and chamber musician throughout Canada, on CBC, and in France, Germany, the Netherlands and Japan. He has also appeared widely as a clinician and conductor, frequently under the auspices of Yamaha, Canada, Ltd.

He is a past President of the Alberta Band Association, and a member of the International Trumpet Guild, the World Association of Symphonic Band Ensembles and the College Directors National Band Association. He is the 1999 recipient of the Peterkin Award, given by the honorary band fraternity Phi Mu Alpha for outstanding service to the profession of wind band conducting.

He has served as a member of the Board of Governors of the University of Alberta, the Music Advisory Committee at Grant MacEwan College, the Music Advisory Committee of the Alberta College Conservatory of Music, and as Chairman of the Edmonton Symphony Orchestra's Music Director Search and Programming Committees.

Thanks to the University of Alberta Department of Music for its support of today's event, and to Alumni Co-ordinator Jamie Burns for organizing this afternoon's concert.

Upcoming Event

Music at Convocation Hall II

Trumpet	Russell Whitehead
	Ryan Frizzell
	Nancy Stepney
Horn	Allene Hackleman
Trombone	Kathryn Macintosh
	Ryan Purchase
Tuba	Scott Whetham

Golyardes Ground: Malcolm Forsyth
Thanatopsis: Roger Deegan
Music for Brass Instruments:
Ingolf Dahl
Street Song: Michael Tilson Thomas
Suite from West Side Story:
Leonard Bernstein, arr Jale Gale

Sunday 15 October
2:15 pm Pre-Concert Introduction
3:00 pm Concert
Convocation Hall, Arts Building
University of Alberta

Admission: $20/adult, $15/stud/sen
For more information, please contact the Department of Music,
Fine Arts Building 3-82,
Telephone: 492-0601